NATIONAL REVIEW

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May 18, 1957

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

The End of McCarthy

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

L. BRENT BOZELL

AN EDITORIAL

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CONTENTS MAY 18, 1957 VOL. III, NO. 20

THE WEEK 463

ARTICLES

Across McCarthy's Grave ..William S. Schlamm 469
The Shrinking White Collar .....F. A. Harper 473
At the Ambassadorial Level ...Rodney Gilbert 475
The Anatomy of Giveaway ..Holmes Alexander 478

DEPARTMENTS

For the Record 467
National Trends .....L. Brent Bozell 468
The Third World War .....James Burnham 471
Letter from London .....Anthony Lejeune 472
Letter from the Continent
E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn 476
From Washington Straight ..... Sam M. Jones 477
From the Academy .....Russell Kirk 479
To the Editor 483

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Conrad and Man's Confidence
Robert A. Hunter 480
That Man and Enemy .....Russell Kirk 481
Reviewed in Brief .....Robert Phelps 482

POEMS

Rhymes Under the Influence of Miltown:
The Mess of Pottage .....Morrie Ryskind 478

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The End of McCarthy

In the same week that Senator McCarthy fell fatally ill, the Penguin Book publishing company brought out a "Dictionary of Politics," by two Oxford scholars, which defines "McCarthyism" as the "Intolerance of liberalism." The book was laid to rest by Mr. William Schlamm in our issue of May 4. It is certainly believable, on Mr. Schlamm's showing, that its authors are Communists; and if that is the case, the perverted definition, of course, is neither here nor there. Such a definition of the movement to which Senator McCarthy gave his name is, however, accepted by men who are not Communist or insane, and there is the awful truth. The Labor Party of Great Britain is not Communist, but its mouthpiece, the *Daily Herald,* identified Senator McCarthy last week as the man who had "used his position to hound men whose only crime was love of freedom of thought." There are no Communists or, that we know of, neurotics on the Conservative *Daily Sketch,* which last week wrote that it was with justice that "McCarthy became the world's most hated man." The Liberal *News Chronicle* was not moved by a Communist's bloodlust to conclude its obituary notice on the Senator by saying "America was the cleaner by his fall, and is cleaner by his death."

That kind of savagery was not aroused in the hearts and minds of Europeans by Communist propaganda. Communism rails, with varying intensity, against all who are not with it: against Senator McCarthy and President Eisenhower—and even Herbert Lehman. In the Communist demonology Senator McCarthy and William Fulbright are alike men to be hated and opposed, for they have both rejected the revolution. McCarthy, as a day-to-day matter, was due to be resisted more ferociously than Fulbright, to be sure; for by temperament and understanding he was the kind of man Fulbright will never be, the kind that fires a whole people's resolution. A McCarthy might fire the Western will; and that is the single development the Communists have to fear.

But it is unrealistic to suppose that in Europe, any more than in America, the superstitions about the nature of McCarthy and McCarthyism that seized the minds of rational and decent men were concocted by Communist sorcerers. In McCarthy-baiting, the Communists always ran second. The superstitions were brewed by Liberal intellectuals. These intellectuals had a considerable success in imposing the myths of McCarthyism on their own country. In Europe they bewitched entire populations. Why? Because there was so eager a disposition to believe that ours is the kind of country where scoundrel-demagogues make such great public headway? Because, in its flatulence, Europe was dismayed at the kind of toughness that was discernible in some of

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McCarthy's words and deeds? Because there did not happen to be, in Europe, those who were well enough informed to expose the wandering American scholars and journalists who sang of the blackness that had shrouded their native land, now become the preserve of a young primitive from Wisconsin? We do not know what happened: but we do know that by 1953 it had become possible for Bertrand Russell to inform fellow members of the British intelligentsia that America was the land where one could no longer read Thomas Jefferson; and that by 1957 the editors of the *Daily Herald* could seriously identify the aim of McCarthy, and those who supported him, as that of "hound[ing] men whose only crime was love of freedom of thought."

We have been very skeptical, for a number of years, about the future of Europe. Not more skeptical than many Europeans have been, and are. It is worth noting, in passing, that only the gravest intellectual sickness can explain the collective suspension of the critical faculties of an entire continent. It was irrationalism on the grand scale that licensed the prevailing myth of McCarthyism. But it is not Europe's mind and morals, but our own, that we pause to reflect upon on the day McCarthy is buried. For the intellectual virus that ravaged Europe was not native grown. It was, in this case, an American export; and the nation that spawned it is sick. It is America—if we may be permitted a nostalgic relapse into an area of concern which nowadays is denounced as Isolationist—that we are concerned with. And America—we speak of her leaders, and her intellectual elite—a) refused to understand the man McCarthy or the phenomenon McCarthyism, and b) acted brutally toward him, and unreasoningly toward it.

There is no reason to hope that the fact that McCarthy is no longer in a position to inconvenience them, or prevent them from reading Thomas Jefferson, will so weaken the defenses of the Liberals as to persuade them to go back, now that it is all over, and look at what really happened. That intellectual voyage they may, heeding the warnings of a subconscious solicitude for their self-esteem, put off forever. It would be a frightening journey, for it would involve reflecting on the data, and who were responsible for them, that led a renowned British logician to conclude that freedom in America had perished; there would be a visit to a crowded Senate chamber where an elderly and prudish Senator from Vermont dutifully read from a script prepared by an organization backed by the nation's mighty, alleging that an unnatural relationship between Senator McCarthy and his counsel could explain their behavior; the voyager would pause over the hysterical frivolities of the scholars who saw McCarthyism as consisting in weird comings and goings, up and down, eastward and westward, of Catholics and Baptists and rich men and poor men and anti-Ivy Leaguers and Nebraskans who couldn't get into Hotchkiss; at least a day would be spent pondering the virtual absence of serious literature on McCarthy, and the violent hostility to the few efforts that were made to understand what was going on; and, finally, an embarrassed hour with anti-McCarthy confidence man Paul Hughes, who would describe how he took in, and spent, by the thousands of dollars, the money of senior members of the Democratic Party, of Americans for Democratic Action, of the *Washington Post,* by simply pretending to spy on McCarthy's staff and feeding them, day after day, provocative and salacious accounts of a day in the iniquitous life of Senator Joe McCarthy.

Such a journey would be long, and hard, and humiliating. Far easier to continue, doggedly, to complain that McCarthy had hounded men whose only concern was with free speech; that he labeled all his critics pro-Communist; that he was no more than a profiteer of the distress of the West. The legends of the McCarthy the Liberals have memorialized in the journalism of the past half decade must not be destroyed, even now that their subject is destroyed. But as long as those myths survive, our country's record is unclean, and dirty nations deserve dirty ends.

The WEEK

● NATIONAL REVIEW will not publish a review of Alger Hiss' book, which the editors have read. We do not account it a book, but a political maneuver. The contents of the book are irrelevant; they are, even, uninteresting. We do not propose to treat Hiss' innocence as a School of Thought. No more would we deal seriously with a book that sought to establish the validity of the Protocols of Zion, or the guilt of Dreyfus. We shall, in due course, comment on the reception given to Alger Hiss' book. It is ferment and confusion, not vindication, that Alger Hiss, Communist, hopes to effect. We do not propose to give him a hand.

● In Poland tension seems to be mounting between the majority of the people, seeking increased freedom and better economic conditions, and the Gomulka government, committed to a regime that is (with whatever modifications) still Communist. Riots have been reported from several towns, the most severe in Jaroslaw, where police and special troops used tear gas in combating local riots. Jaroslaw is a barracks city for Soviet military units. There are indications

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that the underlying cause of the disturbances there was resentment against the Russian occupation. Gomulka, meanwhile, is trying to re-establish a monolithic editorial line in the Communist party press, and to shut down thereby the public criticism that played so large a part in the partial thaw that took place last year in Poland.

● The Hungarian Communist Party has been unable to pull out of the organizational collapse it suffered during last autumn's revolution. On October 23 the Party had more than 900,000 members. Blown by the revolutionary winds, they scattered like leaves. Only the paid professional *apparat*, most of them direct Russian agents, hung on. Today, after six months of bribes, threats and intimidations, Kadar's maximum claim is 300,000 members, a figure that is at least 50 per cent exaggerated.

● After twenty-two months in office, the Italian coalition government under the Christian Democrat, Antonio Segni, was compelled to resign when the Vice Premier, right-wing Socialist leader Giuseppe Saragat, withdrew his support. Although a vague dissatisfaction with Segni's Foreign Minister, Gaetano Martino, played some role in the crisis, the principal cause seems to have been the conflict within Saragat's Social Democratic Party over possible merger with Pietro Nenni's left-wing Socialists, who since 1947 have been in a united front with Italy's Communists. Saragat's withdrawal, which reversed the position he had taken three days earlier, was apparently a surprise move forced by the growing strength of his comrade, Matteo Matteoti, who is leading a faction that demands a break with the Christian Democrats and a speedup in the Nenni negotiations.

● In spite of bitter pressure from the Soviet neighbor, Vaino Tanner, whom Moscow has called its No. 1 enemy in Finland, was elected chairman of the Finnish Social Democratic Party by a single but decisive vote at its recently held convention. Mr. Tanner, (who at Soviet dictation was imprisoned from 1946 as a "German" *i.e.*, anti-Communist agent) was the candidate of a right-wing faction headed by Vaino Leskinen, which has been struggling against the left-wing leadership of Emil Skog, who has been Minister of Defense in the coalition Cabinet of Karl August Fagerholm. The Social Democrats have a majority in the Finnish parliament, and as an immediate aftermath of the Leskinen-Tanner victory, Premier Fagerholm resigned along with his Cabinet. Negotiations have begun in order to form a new government that will reflect the realignment of party forces.

● The Austrians, following an old custom, have elected a Socialist, Adolf Schaerf, to be their third post-war president. Since Austrian socialism is firmly anti-Communist, there is nothing immediately disturbing about this. What should stand as a warning, however, is that Schaerf got an absolute majority of the votes at a time of wide prosperity under a government committed to free enterprise. ("They never had it so good.") Conservatives who think it enough to plug a purely materialist line should take note.

● In a crude provocation, Czech military police arrested the United States and British military attachés, lined them up in a staged setting of tanks and aircraft, and then took photographs that were later displayed as proof that they were engaged in espionage. This sort of fraud, recurrent in the Communist nations, has two objectives. It has the propaganda aim of convincing the local population that all Americans are spies. And it is designed as blackmail to block Western action against the continuous espionage practised by members of Soviet diplomatic missions in the Western countries.

● In a brilliant move, Senator John McClellan has suggested that a right-to-work clause be added to the omnibus Civil Rights bill under consideration. He contends that man's right to his job without payment of union dues or submission to union discipline is at least as sacred as his right to vote without paying a poll tax. If the Committee goes along, the Civil Rights Senators—who have loudly deplored every delay in the passage of the bill—will have a tough decision to make: they must either do without the bill (and the dogma that it's Civil Rights that make the world go 'round) or without the support of the labor union hierarchy. Our guess is they will find the support of AFL-CIO a higher national need than assorted Civil Rights.

● In a speech delivered in New York, Senator William F. Knowland sharply attacked the Administration's plan to resume shipments of jet planes to Tito, to grant Poland $100 million in economic aid, and to relax the strategic embargo on Soviet trade. "We have many good and stout allies—Free China, Korea, Turkey, Pakistan, Vietnam, Thailand and the Philippine Republic—that need more jet planes," Mr. Knowland observed. "All of them should have priority over Tito's Yugoslavia." He laid down an unassailable general principle: "I do not favor taxing the American people to support Communist economic or political systems abroad. It just does not make sense to me that the United States and our free allies would embark on a program to rescue the Communist world from its own shortcomings."

● Jean McCarthy is still with us—the woman who has hidden her heartbreak with the dignity of a

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patrician and submitted, with fortitude, to the rites and duties our society imposes upon the widow of a public figure. There is talk of easing the way for her election to the Senate, to finish out her husband's unexpired term. She has the requisite capabilities, and her presence and dignity would much embellish that chamber. But we doubt that she would willingly enter the arena where, she believes (and we with her), her husband was done to death.

Mr. Diem Goes to Washington

Mr. Ngo Dinh Diem, visiting these days in Washington, can, along with South Vietnam, be chalked up as a triumph of American foreign policy—one of the few triumphs of recent years. In the summer of 1954, Vietnam had just been split in half at the Geneva conference, with the industrial north going to the Communist Vietminh. Ngo Dinh Diem, little known in his own country or abroad, was the appointee of Emperor Bao Dai who had collaborated, in turn, with the Japanese, the Communists and the French. Nearly 1,000,000 refugees were to pour across the border in the next few months. The country seethed with unrest, revolt and intrigue as the armies of the politico-religious sects battled Diem and each other for supremacy.

French colonists and military men, reluctant to abandon their holdings, joined in backstage intrigues against Diem, as did emissaries of the absentee Emperor. Journalists of international renown (Mr. Graham Greene among them) filed spicy stories of their visits to the Papal See of the Caodaist Pope and drew graphic pictures of His Holiness in poke bonnet, silk kerchief and dark glasses. They interviewed the Hoa Hao leader, the dissident Hoa Hao leader and once even the dissident-dissident Hoa Hao leader. They chortled over the fact that the houses of prostitution in Saigon's twin city of Cholon were controlled by the Binh Xuyen sect and that its leader, a former river pirate and water buffalo rustler, also controlled the local police. They prophesied that Diem, whose power at times extended little farther than the garden of the presidential palace, would fall at any moment to the Communist underground which still ruled many of the South Vietnam villages, or to the military might of the Vietminh. They said that Mr. Diem, ascetic, shy, intellectual, and surrounded by Roman Catholic advisers, was not the man for that particular place and that particular hour.

They were wrong. Premier Diem defeated the Hoa Hao and Binh Xuyen in armed battle, forced the Cao Dai into an alliance, deposed Bao Dai by popular referendum. With American help, he resettled the North Vietnamese refugees, reorganized and re-equipped his army. He won back the villages from their Communist master. With America's tacit approval he refused even to discuss all-Vietnam elections for the summer of 1956—when they would have resulted in Communist domination of the country. When Great Britain, France and Soviet Russia protested that he was violating the Geneva armistice, he pointed out that South Vietnam was not a signatory to that pact. And when Ho Chi Minh threatened to use force, Diem double-dared him.

Today, South Vietnam is well on the way to stability, if not democracy. It is a reminder to other peoples of Asia that Washington *can* be, at times, as good as its word. If Mr. Diem asks for an increase in his $200 million slice of foreign aid, he should be given a sympathetic hearing.

You Takes Your Choice

The division between the conservative Democrats, rooted chiefly though not exclusively in the South, and the left-wing Democrats, rooted in the urban and industrial centers, hardened in the thirties. It has recently been given a new organizational expression which may have important consequences.

Last year the Democratic National Committee set up a twenty-four member "advisory council." As planned, it was to include prominent Party leaders both in and out of Congress. Some members of Congress signed up for it, but then withdrew under pressure from their conservative colleagues. The net result was a committee of influential private citizens dominated by the Eleanor Roosevelt-Harry Truman-Adlai Stevenson-Walter Reuther faction. The "advisory council" is in reality not a supplement to the National Committee and to the Party in Congress, but a rival organization; indeed, potentially a rival Party leadership. Politically it represents the left wing, as against the conservative tendency that is prominent in the Party's congressional delegation.

It was thought that the advisory council might just fold up and die away, but its vigorous meeting of May 4-5 suggests that the left wing hopes to develop it as an effective apparatus. A "policy statement" issued at the meeting's conclusion, and nominally directed against the Eisenhower Administration, is in content an attack on the Democrats' own conservative wing, particularly on the conservative leaders in Congress. Senator Harry Byrd is the most obvious target of the soft-money, anti-business lines of the council's proposals on economic policy; Senator McClellan is most obviously under attack by the condemnation of "right to work" laws.

We note, however, that neither Senator Byrd nor Senator McClellan nor any other of their conservative colleagues seems unduly discomfited by this rebuke from the left.

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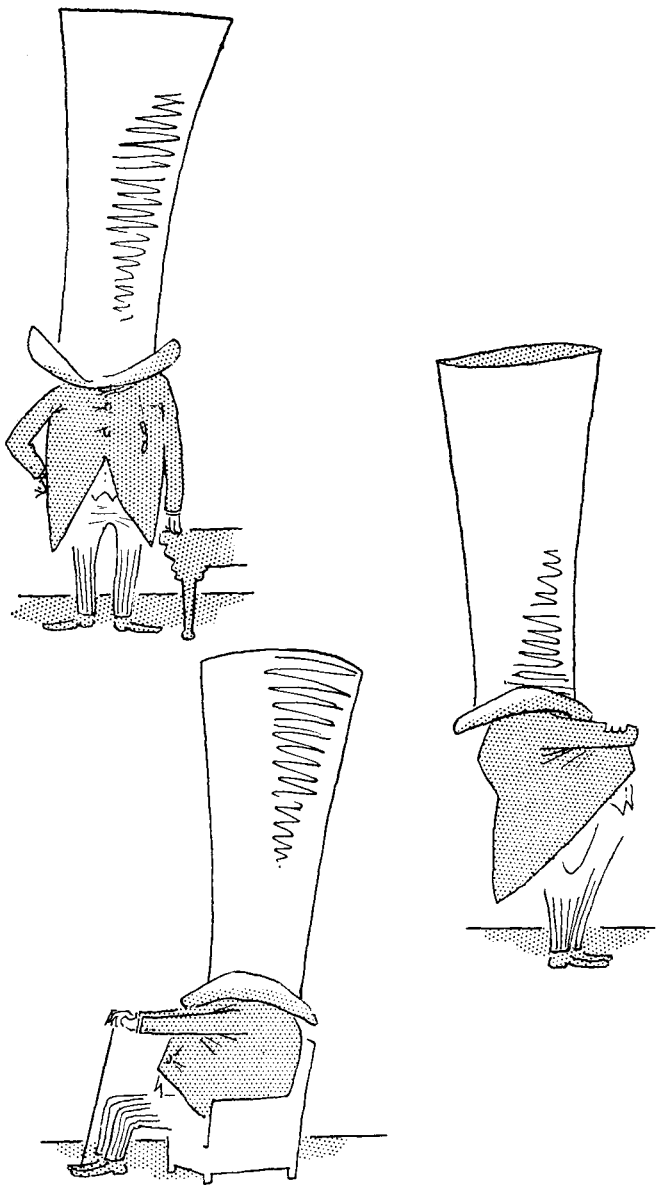

Kreuttner

"The Dignity of The Senate"
(McCarthy Censure)

Hazing

Mr. Scott McLeod will be permitted to represent the United States in Ireland, all right, but only after being publicly humiliated. The majority of the Democratic members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee have voted their disapproval of him. More, they have promised to press their vendetta on the floor of the Senate. There they will appear, as the lingering sadists in a fraternity hazing, anxious to inflict one final blow before the rites of initiation end, and the novice is forever outside their reach.

What have they got against Scott McLeod? He has done his best, while serving in the State Department, to enforce laws passed by the Congress of the United States. His fiercest detractors have yet to point to a single "victim" of McLeod's administration of the State Department's security program who, given the standards set up by the House Civil Service Commission Report of 1946, ought to have been allowed to remain in government service. It was the Congress of the United States—not Scott McLeod—that year after year, beginning in 1956, passed the so-called McCarran Rider, giving department heads full authority to discharge any employee whose presence in government service is judged inconsistent with the best interests of the nation. It is the Congress that, via resolutions, investigations and appropriations, has for years now asked that members of the Administration zealously apply the President's loyalty-security program, as inaugurated by Mr. Truman in 1947, strengthened by him in 1951, and reaffirmed by Mr. Eisenhower in the spring of 1953.

Should civil servants know better than to take congressional mandates seriously? Evidently. A predecessor of Scott McLeod, the late John Peurifoy, having studiedly refused over a period of years to do anything about a number of the State Department's most notorious security risks, was sent off as ambassador to Greece in a flood of senatorial confetti. Is Mr. McLeod, by contrast, to learn the consequences of attempting to serve Congress dutifully?

It is a grim footnote to the vote of the majority of the Foreign Relations Committee's Democrats that Mr. Hubert Humphrey, who two years ago sponsored a superdemagogic bill to outlaw the Communist Party (and, for his pains, almost got himself outlawed from his beloved ADA and ACLU) should now inveigh against the severity of Mr. McLeod's persecution of security risks; and that Mr. John Kennedy, the ideological wraith who has managed with extraordinary success to develop the art of voting Liberal and appearing conservative, should join ranks with those who have set out to punish a man for an intelligent devotion to the law and its demands for internal security.

Careful, Mr. Johnston!

War, so Eric Johnston recently told a group of business, professional and diplomatic leaders who met at Arden House for Columbia University's eleventh American Assembly, must be ruled out as an instrument of policy in the hydrogen age "except in defense of the nation against attack." Mr. Johnston made his remark in the course of justifying foreign loans on a scale projected to reach a peak of $750 million to a billion a year within five years.

Once upon a time, when he was head of the Cham-

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ber of Commerce, Mr. Johnston was a rather hard-headed critic of vague commitments and vague statements which preclude a rational approach to problems. We are sorry to see him succumbing to a manner of speech which is always calculated to give a position away in advance. The horrors of hydrogen war may render it "unthinkable," but what should one do if one's vital interests are vitally challenged? Let the opponent sweep the board merely because he dares think the "unthinkable" where you do not? The subject, as NATIONAL REVIEW has said before, is too complex to be resolved by pious platitudes, and the statesman who inhibits his own power of maneuver by arbitrarily proclaiming anything as "unthinkable" may be inviting the thing he most fears.

Whose Property?

Congress appropriates $225,000 for a research project on monopolies. A research team spends most of the do-re-mi and completes its report, which a subcommittee duly submits to the Senate. The Senate fails to approve it; the research director resigns and goes home; the subcommittee chairman (Kilgore) dies, and is replaced by Senator Kefauver; and, meantime, the report remains—unread of course—in the subcommittee's files. Then a private publishing firm expresses a wish to publish the report as a book. The acting chairman (O'Mahoney)—for by now Kefauver is off campaigning—agrees to its publication, provided everyone understands it does not represent the views of his subcommittee's members. Senator Kefauver, back in Washington now, announces that the report fails to give aid and comfort to the Federal Trade Commission; Senator O'Mahoney, back in second place, decides that the chapter on foreign aid does not pass muster; they demand that certain chapters be deleted. Whereupon the *big* question arises: To whom does the report now belong? The publishing firm says in effect: to us; otherwise we'll sue. Senator Kefauver says in effect: to the Senate archives, where it may RIP. We say: to the ages.

Our contributors: DR. F. A. HARPER ("The Shrinking White Collar"), an outstanding economist, is affiliated with The Foundation for Economic Education in Irvington-on-Hudson. . . . RODNEY GILBERT ("At The Ambassadorial Level"), who under the pen-name of "Heptisax" for years instructed the readers of the N. Y. *Herald Tribune* on China, is one of the country's rare true experts on Asia. . . . HOLMES ALEXANDER ("The Anatomy of Giveaway") is the nationally known syndicated Washington correspondent and columnist . . . ROBERT A. HUNTER ("Conrad and Man's Confidence") is a free-lance writer and critic.

For the Record

Many are asking, What can we do about the memory of Joe McCarthy? Here is what some are doing:

— Fulton Lewis, Jr., has started a fund for Mrs. McCarthy and her baby. Mr. Lewis says no contribution is too small. He emphasizes that the number of the contributors is important. Checks should be made out to the "Joe McCarthy Memorial Fund" and sent, either c/o Fulton Lewis, Jr., 1627 K Street, NW, Washington, D.C., or directly to the National Savings and Trust Company, Washington, D.C.

— In Milwaukee, the Robert A. Taft Chapter of the Wisconsin Federation of Republican Women has opened a drive to build a memorial. Address: McCarthy Memorial Fund, P.O. Box 829, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

— Roman Catholic groups, clubs and veterans' organizations throughout the country had, and are having, memorial masses said for the late Senator.

Democratic Congressional leaders would like to see President Eisenhower take his budget case directly to the people, as he has hinted he may do, since it would intensify the already tense relations between the White House and GOP leadership on Capitol Hill....Recent advocates of the record peacetime budget include (to the surprise of practically no one) Senators Javits and Ives of New York, Cooper of Kentucky, Bush of Connecticut and the League of Women Voters....The Citizens Public Expenditure Survey, a private taxpayers group, says the number of employees has gone up 20 per cent in the past six years, the population only 10.8 per cent.

The latest National Labor Relations Board report (for the year ending June 30, 1956) shows that for the first time employers made more complaints against unions than unions against employers. Unions won only 65 per cent of bargaining elections, the lowest figure on record....The Los Angeles Times has protested the decision by the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors to boycott Kohler products.

A Federal Judge in Tennessee has allowed jury trials for 16 Anderson County men charged with violating the Federal Court injunction against interference with integration at the Clinton High School last year; but he refused their pleas for a trial separate from that of John Kaspar.

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NATIONAL TRENDS

L. BRENT BOZELL

"This Was a Man"

I did not know him well while he was alive. And because after the deed was done he never reminisced, and politely resisted all invitations to relive the past, the man who fought those exciting battles might just as well have lived a thousand years ago. I have, however, a few very good impressions. Before censure I studied his work, and helped write a book about it; and in the course of professional interviews, caught glimpses of the buoyancy, the strength of will, the awesome singlemindedness, the gentleness.

I have, also, a few concrete recollections. During the Watkins Hearings, I saw him, on several occasions, rise from the committee table and stride around the room in an effort to ease the excruciating pain that had plagued him since an abdominal operation two years before. Attending newsmen recorded the event as evidence of his "arrogance," as an act of "calculated contempt for the committee." And a few other incidents that would, I suppose, be more relevant. But I did not know him then. It was not until several weeks after the censure, when I went to work for him, that I came to know intimately, and to love, the wreckage.

What was left? An intellect, still keen and absorbent and discriminating. Still able to concentrate, ruthlessly, on the central problem of our time. And still able, on specific issues, to bore in lightning thrusts to the heart of the matter. But the intellect worked only part time; it needed rest frequently because it had become tired, terribly tired.

And a vivid moral sense was left. Vivid, I can say, not because I ever heard him verbalize it cogently or eloquently, but because it was clear from watching him make decisions that it completely, imperiously, ruled the man. He was putty in its hands. Forget the objective content of his ideas of right and wrong: I have known few men for whom the moral argument was so obviously the relevant one, for whom intellectual movement from the right thing to do to *the* thing to do came so naturally.

An iron will was still there, on things that mattered. He never lost his determination to set the world right, to bring down his country's tormentors. And, crazily enough, he remained optimistic about the future, including his own role in the fight. Or so it appeared, as he planned ahead: with the comment he would make tomorrow on the Suez, the speech about aid to Tito, the campaign of 1958.

An afflicted body, tormented by a hundred ailments, remained. Yet this is the kind of body, I am told, that he had had for years.

And an incapacity for gloom. When my heart is torn, I want to cry. He wanted to laugh. His heart was on the rack, and there he sat in the big leather chair in his living room, cracking jokes. Levity is unseemly at wakes. But it was *his* wake. He was alive to preside over it, and he was damn well going to set the tone.

What then was gone? It was one thing, but it was everything. Call it fuel. Whatever it is that makes mind and body do what the spirit wills. The spirit itself, that failed to break —even to dent. Understand this much: that he never gave up. And, therein, the central tragedy. The mind, the will, the spirit, all consciously alive—striving, straining forward. But nothing would move. He once had more of this thing, this fuel, than any man in public life. Now it was gone. And he knew that, too.

He was a boxer, driven to his knees, terribly hurt, wanting to rise and fight again, trying to rise, planning his strategy for the next exchange, wondering why nothing happened, determined to rise, and even smiling a little to prove it. He knew that he would get up, they thought he wouldn't. And he heard them count over him for two and a half years.

At his funeral, Monsignor Cartwright said that God would "honor the brave." I suspect, moreover, that God has accounted his gameness on the floor as the bravest act of them all.

I think he did not see the punch coming, but that, afterwards, he knew what hit him. He said on a number of occasions during the Watkins Hearings, during the Senate debate two months later, that he expected to be censured, and didn't much care if he was—that the important thing was that the public still believed in what he was doing. I think he believed that, right up to the moment the blow struck. Then, suddenly, nothing was as important as that his peers had done him a monstrous, personal injustice. He was, in a sense too profound for his peers ever to understand, a "club" man. Attacks by individual Senators, he could absorb; as he expected them to absorb whatever he delivered in the give-and-take of every day political combat. But in their corporate capacity, they could hurt him. They could, indeed, and did, sever the communion. From the gaping wound left by that breach whatever substance it was that had sustained him and kept him charging ahead, instantly poured forth.

The individual Senator who voted against him—though he held some of them in the highest contempt—he quickly forgave. It's a fact: he was temperamentally incapable of bearing personal malice. With the Senate, it was a different matter. He had led it in some of its most important battles: and had fought *for* it—against the Nation's enemies, and against its own special enemies at home. But the Senate turned on him, and that ruined him. God was merciful to stop his heart.

This fallen warrior through death speaketh, calling a nation of free men to be delivered from the complacency of a false security and from regarding those who loudly sound the trumpets of vigilance and alarm as mere disturbers of the peace.

Dr. Frederick Brown Harris
Chaplain of the Senate

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Across McCarthy's Grave

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

There was no roof from which to jump and so there were no editorials bewailing an innocent man's annihilation by the hound-dogs of malice. There was only a young man of forty-eight, a young mountain of a man, but fatigued to the bone, fatigued and harassed and greatly astonished. It seems that Joe McCarthy never fully understood what had happened to him. When a stupid virus struck, a tired young body gave up. At the wake, Mr. Acheson said "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*," which is a certified gentleman's and Harvard overseer's way of saying that the deceased was a son of a bitch.

But the deceased was a good man, and I have come here to bear this witness. I knew him, not too well, but well enough to testify. And about the hound-dogs that kept snapping at him until he fell prostrate, I know everything there is to know. So here I am to deposit testimony, for a certain tomorrow of trial, on an epoch of insane guile, an epoch in which Joe McCarthy was tarred and feathered by genteel Ivy Leaguers, by gracious ladies of Women Voters Clubs and by noble princes of the press.

Joe McCarthy became the center of the century's most scandalous fracas because he had the strength and the defects of organic innocence. When his day of destiny came, he looked around, innocently, saw the gargoyles of Anti-Christ staring and sneering at him from everywhere, and innocently he reached out to crush them. Now others had seen the gargoyles before him, and some had even visibly shuddered. But, at mid-century, everyone who spoke or wrote or emoted before the public had gone through the post-graduate school of relativism (which is the insolent denial of the free will that chooses between right and wrong). And so the speakers and the writers and the emoters, who among them are the true rulers of our society, kept constantly changing the subject. To them, the sneering gargoyles were artifacts, morally neutral, esthetically interesting, intellectually provocative and, of course, not really serious. But Joe McCarthy, once he had caught sight of them, could never again speak of anything else. The subject had taken possession of the speaker. For the subject was deadly serious. And so was the speaker.

Joe McCarthy must have had many defects, and I know some of them, but I will admit none—not because he is dead (Mr. Acheson speaks, in Latin as well as in English, sheer cant), but because he was hated and hunted for his virtues. He was hated, above all, for his impregnable innocence. What the learned frauds could not stand about McCarthy was his certainty: he knew what he knew, he believed what he believed, and there were no two ways about it. But the learned ass balks with invincible stubbornness when there are no two ways on which to move at the same time. And then, Joe McCarthy just could not be lukewarm. This, in the catechism of modernity, is the gravest of all mortal sins—not to be lukewarm. Let your word be *never* Yea, Yea and Nay, Nay! The hot and the cold will be spewed out of the Establishment's mouth, but the lukewarm shall be forever accepted. For the Establishment lives according to this blasphemous perversion of the Apocalypse.

Joe McCarthy could not have conformed with it if his life had depended on it. (It did.) And as I was not born in this country, I might be clearly seeing something that native Americans so easily forget: that there is no greater American virtue, in fact no other, than the American's natural revulsion against cynicism. Which is why Progressive Education proves so much more pernicious in America than anywhere else: it corrodes the native resistance to cynicism and so deprives the American of his one formative trait. Joe McCarthy, who would have politely put up with, but secretly yawned over, such an abstraction, was its ideal test case and evidence. He, so often and so stupidly accused of cynical crudeness by the Liberal falsificators, was physically incapable of a cynical act. He said and he thought and he did what he said and thought and did for the one unheard-of reason only: to him, it seemed the thing to say and to think and to do. All his defeats and all his blunders were due to the fact that he was incapable of the clever maneuver, of the professional's prudent opportunism. He had seen the truth—and it killed him.

When McCarthy proceeded to uncover the immense Communist infiltration of free government and society, this was his activating premise: that man is responsible for the choices he has made in an exercise of his free will; and that, until a man is proven an irresponsible fool, he must be presumed to have made his choices in earnest. McCarthy's rationale was invariably the same: certain people are dedicated to certain ideas— *ergo*, whatever they do in positions they have obtained must have been determined by, and serve, these ideas. It is the obscene joke of the age that this ultimate compliment to the supremacy of the mind has been taken by the Liberal intelligentsia as the supreme affront against the intellect, a sordid assault of Know-Nothingism on Reason.

The huge intellectual scandal around McCarthy has always been the frightening frivolousness of his opposition which holds that man's choices signify nothing; that on his walks through the valley of decisions man picks and then discards commitments the same way Peter Pan picks and discards daisies. That Caliban, McCarthy, insisted that man must be taken seriously. The intelligentsia

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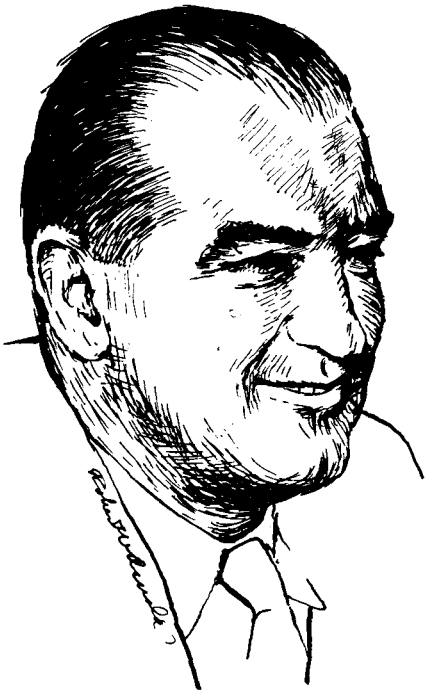
tarred and feathered him because it insists that man is intellectually an eternal child and morally a vegetable. In short, at the heart of what McCarthy said and did was the very essence of Western civilization; while his postgraduate opposition lost its mind on a savage binge of irrelevancy.

There he came, from the heartland of America, a tenacious and quite ordinary politician; and, in a sudden and lasting moment of recognition, he saw the central truth of his age: that his country, his faith, his civilization was at war with Communism, war pure and simple. "This war will not end except by either victory or death for this civilization," he said again and again. And it was this hot sense of urgency which distinguished him from all jovial practitioners of the political trade. It is this hot sense of urgency which he, for a short moment of truth, forced upon his country. But the automobiles were much too sleek, prosperity much too tepid, Eisenhower much too nice, TV much too amusing; and so the country grew tired of the truth and of the man who kept shouting it, redundantly and, at the end, hoarsely. The country went to sleep again. And the man lay down and died.

Then they gave him a funeral in the same Senate chamber in which the world's most exclusive club had gathered, only two years before, to ostracize the young member who had had the temerity to see and to say the truth. The mourning Senators looked, almost all of them, as if they all had drafted Mr. Eisenhower's message of condolence—ill at ease, confused, and rather exasperating. The black suits looked rented and the miens of mourning borrowed. Never before had an outlaw been so honored by the posse. Was he honored for having died in time?

Yet there was a weird feeling in the air on that day, a tremor of urgency throughout the nation, a sudden fearsome shock. This, somehow, was an unnatural death. A man had died in bed, but the country felt that he had been stoned unto death. This, in spite of its slick communicators and ruling hucksters, is an inarticulate nation. Too often it expresses its truest feelings by reflexes rather than in orderly prose. And, last Friday, I felt violent shocks contort the well-fed body of the nation.

Last Friday morning, when the TV networks were finally ready to exploit the death notice of the night before, they found no better climax to the McCarthy story than the allegedly unforgettable TV shots of his collision with the eloquence of Mr. Joseph N. Welch, the attorney from Boston. I for one had forgotten Mr. Welch's act, but when I saw it again I felt, again, the painful shame of the badinage of what Professor Max Lerner called, the very same Friday, "a part of the history of great utterance." The last time I had witnessed Mr. Welch utter greatly on TV was when he performed, also for a fee (Ford Foundation), as actor-narrator



of Lizzie Borden's ax-murder story; and though the greasy old juggler was here much more in his element than in the chambers of statecraft, there was still that phony sanctimonious creak in his voice even when he considered the forty whacks.

Indeed, I can conceive of no better casting for the role of the Anti-McCarthyite than that clown from Boston. He, more than any other figure from the comic strip of our age, personifies the Establishment. He reeks of gentility. He is as eloquent as a Cicero who has gone to school at Dale Carnegie's. He is as witty as Georgie Jessel himself, as urbane as any one of the Brooks Brothers, almost as sophisticated as the whiz who composes *Time's* promotion letters, and keen enough a legal mind to fill several pages of close-ups in *Life*. He is cute. But a century ago, a personality of his dimensions would hardly have qualified its possessor to seek employment as a gentleman's gentleman. Today, it assures for a supernumerary much fame and respect and a more than comfortable living in the employ of an entertainment industry which, let's face it, runs our government as surely as it runs our television. For Jack London (another organic innocent from the heartland of America) was foolishly wrong when he suspected that the "Iron Heel" of a ruthless gang rules the modern state. It is ruled by the soft-spoken and the soft-brained, the well-mannered and the lukewarm, the genteel and half-educated asses. And Mr. Joseph N. Welch is properly their attorney and clown.

I shall be perfectly satisfied to be called for the rest of my life a McCarthyite, provided Messrs. Welch and Lerner shall be known as Anti-McCarthyites. The dividing line is acutely drawn and quite precisely marked. A McCarthyite is a person who is instructed, either by organic innocence or by true sophistication, to fight for his life and his verities—those "simple" verities which only organic innocence or true sophistication can fathom. An Anti-McCarthyite is a person who, for the sake of godlessness, puts the genteel rules of a vulgar game above life itself, above life and the verities which, to an Anti-McCarthyite, are only figments of a superstitious imagination.

This, then, shall be the dividing line, and it is drawn across a fresh grave. In this grave we have put, for whatever future God has in His mind, a young man who, in five gruesome years, was stoned by the genteel into an ultimate fatigue. We do not crave his fate. We dread it. But we are ready to face it. We, too, have seen the gargoyles stare and sneer at us. We, too, are reaching out to crush them. We mean it. We are McCarthyites.

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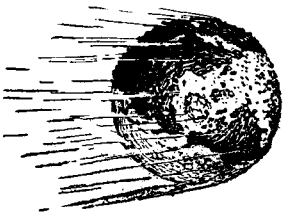

The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

Some Relevant Proposals

Nuclear weapons and world revolution are altering the nature and objectives of war. The traditional military structure is not well adapted to the crucial military problems now being posed: strategic deterrence, small wars and irregular (para-military and political) war. Without here attempting any evaluation, I list some of the current proposals for bringing form more nearly in line with fact.

1. Mr. Henry M. Kissinger, in the April *Foreign Affairs,* proceeds from the conviction that in the nuclear age "victory in an all-out war has lost its traditional meaning." We must develop "the ability to use force with discrimination and to establish political goals in which the question of national survival is not involved in every issue." In other words, we must distinguish the potential massive retaliation of all-out war from the specific political conditions of small or limited wars.

On the structural side, Mr. Kissinger believes that a big step toward discrimination would be the replacement of the Army and the Air Force by a Strategic Force and a Tactical Force.

The Strategic Force, designed for deterrence by its capability of massive, all-out nuclear retaliation, would be as self-contained as possible. Although the Tactical Force would presumably support it in all-out war, the Strategic Force would not be weakened by diversion to tactical use in limited wars.

The Tactical Force would be a combined service specifically organized and trained for small or limited wars wherein the total defeat of the main enemy is not at stake. Mr. Kissinger holds that "such a division [between Strategic and Tactical Forces] would reflect the realities of the strategic situation." He accepts the continuance of a Navy as an independent service, though not so much on strategic grounds as because Navy resistance to dissolution in an integrated structure "would be so bitter as to obviate its advantages."

The Supreme Command

2. Kissinger does not face quite flatly the recurrent problem of the unification of our military forces. In spite of the 1947 reorganization, with its single Secretary of Defense, we continue to have three military services (or three and a half, counting the Marines), not one. Although the division and the resulting conflicts have some incidental positive results, they block a unified war plan, and bring appalling economic waste.

Structurally considered, we will not have a unified military establishment until we decide to create a single General Staff or Supreme Command with a single Chief of Staff, the members and aides of which would have no other military affiliation. This country has been traditionally—and rightly—leery of a General Staff, which we associate especially with what are thought to be the militaristic excesses of the German Staff. The social cost may be judged too high, but without a General Staff there cannot be unity of the services or a unified war plan.

Many Americans are under the illusion that since 1947 we have had a General Staff and a Chief of Staff. In fact, of course, what we have is a "Joint Chiefs of Staff" and a "Chairman" thereof. The conceptions are irreconcilably different.

3. Captain B. H. Liddell Hart is the best known spokesman for a proposal shared by many serious commentators on military affairs. Keeping his eye strictly on the problems of strategic retaliation and limited warfare, he holds that great mass armies composed in their bulk of semi-trained conscripts (or draftees) are of no value to the West. They are not only an economic drain, but can be shown to lower rather than increase military striking power. What the West requires (in addition to the strategic force) are highly trained elite units able to move anywhere in the world within a few hours, virtually self-contained, and equipped with the most advanced products of nuclear-electronic technology.

Is the Draft Obsolete?

4. From these analyses, a number of strategists have concluded that conscription (or the draft) is not justified from a military point of view. The raw, temporary, involuntary conscripts (draftees) can never become elite troops nor constitute mobile elite units that by the nature of their operations must be more or less permanent. In fact, what happens under conscription is that many of the professionals are bogged down in training and housekeeping duties. The paradoxical result is that a larger armed force, if it includes a considerable percentage of draftees or temporary conscripts, can as a rule put fewer effective units into quick action than can a much smaller force the bulk of which is professional.

5. In the Western nations the proper organization of irregular war is the most neglected of all the problems, although it may be for the long run the most decisive. In our epoch any other kind of war needs support from irregular methods; but, in addition, irregular war in political, economic and para-military forms goes on all the time.

Because irregular war covers operations ordinarily thought of as civilian along with military components, its direction does not fit comfortably under either the usual military command or any existing civilian agency. To assign it to a secondary level only guarantees that it will be neglected.

In Chapter 16 of *The Coming Defeat of Communism,* I have argued that the irregular operations should be for the most part decentralized, but that "to plan, initiate, guide, subsidize, and coordinate" them, "there should be an agency established at the very highest governmental level: that is, the head of the agency should be directly under the President."

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Letter from London

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

Subversion—Open and Covert

The Easter week end is traditionally a great occasion for trade union and political party conferences, and this year was no exception. Apart, of course, from the annual jamboree of the Communist Party, the tone was fairly moderate by recent standards. The General Secretary of the Shop Workers Union went so far as to say that "Trade Union negotiators desire nothing more than to get off the treadmill of wages and prices and on to the escalator of rising output, real wages and earnings." This didn't prevent most speakers from refusing to contemplate any wage restraint.

When Mr. Ted Hill called his followers out in the recent shipbuilding strike, he told them: "We must win this claim—if we don't we shall not win the next." Anyone who thought Mr. Hill was simply keeping the gate open didn't know his man. The agenda for the forthcoming conference of Mr. Hill's union, the United Society of Boilermakers, Shipbuilders and Structural Workers, has just been issued. The first resolution down for discussion calls for an increase in basic pay of 15 per cent. This would be in addition to the claim which precipitated the strike and is still under consideration by the Court of Enquiry. In other words, the resolution demands a total raise of 25 per cent this year.

There was another recent spot of bother at a Ford subsidiary, Briggs' Motor Works. An appalling record of stoppages culminated in a complete shutdown because a shop steward called MacLoughlin was sacked for trouble-making. It was his habit to ring a hand-bell when he wanted the men to stop work: and stop work they did, obedient as lambs. He refused to state his political affiliations when he was asked about them by Lord Cameron, the Scottish Judge who presided over the Court of Enquiry.

Lord Cameron, in his report, makes short work of Mr. MacLoughlin. The man was dismissed for calling an unjustified strike, he says, and should stay dismissed. He goes on to discuss the general state of labor-management relations at Briggs'. There are faults in the negotiating machinery and on the part of the Ford management; and these the management has undertaken to examine. But as for keeping the industrial peace, the management never had a chance. Most of the numerous shop stewards at Briggs' are not Communists, but they are all dominated by a Communist core, organized on para-military lines and guided by instructions from officers of the Communist Party.

The situation at Briggs' is unusually bad but by no means unique. Several unions—the electricians, for instance—are openly controlled by Communist leaders. One local strike leader was asked the other day whether he realized that the strike might bankrupt his employers. "We don't mind," he said. "We want to break the capitalist system and that means bankrupting all the employers. Let them do an honest day's work at some trade."

Last week end's conference of the Communist Party was stormy. Resignations after the Hungarian revolt had reduced the total membership to twenty-seven thousand and a good many of these had clearly stayed on only to make a last attempt at changing the structure of the Party and securing freedom of debate within it. Among those present was Mr. MacLoughlin, now sailing unashamedly under his true colors. The dissidents tried hard but in vain. By using every kind of manipulation and invective, the Executive Committee was able to frustrate all suggestions of reform.

The Socialists used to believe industrial unrest was entirely caused by the brutal capitalist system. Nationalization was the answer: sweetness and light would then prevail. The Labor government of 1945-50 proceeded to nationalize, among other things, the coal mines and the railway companies. The result is well known. Millions of pounds have been poured into the coal industry: strikes are as frequent as ever and production has actually fallen. British railways are notorious for the blackmailing tactics of the railway unions and the inflationary pattern of their wage and fare rises. You might think this would have taught the Labor Party a lesson, and so to some extent it has. On the right wing, zeal for nationalization has been largely replaced by welfare schemes and the doctrine of forced equality. But this doesn't mean the capitalists are to be left alone. Bevanites and Gaitskellites have united in a neat new plan which will almost certainly become official Labor policy.

They envisage an act giving the government compulsory powers to buy up shares in any concern with a capital of £2.5 million or more. When a majority interest had been acquired, the running of the firm would be quietly taken over: which means that over 600 of the largest firms in Britain would be absorbed into the State-owned sector of industry.

Directorships would then be in the gift of a Labor government. All policies would be kept strictly in line with government planning. Doctrinaire socialists may think such a scheme conducive to efficiency and happy industrial relations. But no one else does. And if strikes and runaway inflation continued, the prospect would be grim indeed. One of the dangers of a nationalized economy is that all industrial strife takes on the character of a rebellion against the government. Where this could lead is obvious.

The Communist Party is a negligible political force in Britain but industrially its strength is quite sufficient to take full advantage of every opportunity which occurs. The present situation provides too many opportunities; and unless some serious thinking is done by the government, the employers and the unions, it will go on steadily providing more. If the Labor Party has another chance to tamper with the economy, a perilous situation could easily be tipped over into disaster. The only hope lies with the Conservative government, which so far has refused to grasp the nettle and has found itself persistently being stung in consequence.

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The Shrinking White Collar

"As sound as a dollar" has become a cruel joke on the thrifty white-collar workers. To save one has. today, to buy stocks.

F. A. HARPER

Mine is "white collar" work. My collar is grayed a bit, to be sure, because I wear it when I work on my car or paint my house—as I have to do in order to make ends meet. And I want, in this article, to talk about why I have to.

For half a century now the prevailing economic trend has been inflationary. At times, of course, there have been sharp rises in the buying power of a dollar. But a dollar I saved in 1910 will now buy only about one-third as much as it would then.

One reason for my plight is that taxes have taken a higher and higher toll. Property taxes on our home, for instance, have risen from about $300 ten years ago to about $700 now—on the same house. But the key reason is higher and higher prices brought on by continuing inflation. Because of it, the net buying power of my income after taxes is today only 68/100 what it was ten years ago. The same rate of erosion over another decade would cut it to 46/100; over two decades, to 31/100.

Nor am I anything special in this regard: All workers the land across have experienced a considerable shrinkage in the net buying power of their pay after taxes during the past decade. Some have had increases in nominal pay sufficient to cover perhaps three-fourths of the added burden of taxes and rising prices.

Others have seen their pay go up sharply, far more than enough to cover the higher taxes and prices. The pay of the average steel worker, for example, has risen to about $5,000. But that of few white-collar workers has done so. Nearly all of them have been hit hard. And what has happened in the past makes them view the future with concern. For there is every indication that inflation will continue indefinitely (though perhaps with violent irregularity). Moreover, they'd better view it with concern; for white collar pay tends to lag behind other forms of pay and behind rising prices. And inflation makes serious inroads into the savings typical of the white collar group.

About the lagging pay increases there is little the individual can do except to move into another line of work, where the market demand is more responsive to inflationary trends. About the savings, however, there are some things each person can do—or at least try to. Under inflation the debtor gains and the creditor loses. If the dollar I saved in 1910 will now buy only about one-third as much as it would have bought then, by putting it in the bank (and so becoming the bank's creditor) I took a hand in a losing game. Had I foreseen in 1910 what was to happen, of course, I could have tried to "hedge" the future by borrowing, since the dollar I borrowed in 1910 I can now repay with only one-third the quantity of things it represented then. By borrowing a dollar for every dollar I saved, therefore, I could have come out even. (Inflation, or the threat of inflation, thus invites people to go into debt.) But hedging of that kind involves two serious risks. One is that you may not get your borrowed dollar into a form of investment that will rise in value along with inflation prices; what you buy with it, that is to say, may go down, not up, in which case the hedge fails of its purpose.

The second is this: the dollar I borrow to match the dollar I save leaves me with two dollars of assets and one dollar of debt; and, while inflation does seem probable through the indefinite future, it is sure to be punctuated by periodic general setbacks in prices. And if my loan falls due during such a setback, it may take my two dollars' worth of assets to pay off the one dollar I owe. Even if I have guessed the long-term trend correctly, in other words, I can lose on an unexpected short-term trend. During such a downward movement of prices, moreover, I may—worse still—conclude that long-time inflation is over, and begin to handle my savings accordingly.

Protection of Savings

What, then, is the white collar worker to do with his savings in order to protect them? How *can* he get reasonable safety for his savings in terms of buying power?

Well, first, he must alter completely his concept of what is conservative. "Conservative" investments used to be investments of the dollar-to-be-returned-plus-interest type government bonds, for instance. Under inflation, such investments are *not* conservative, because they let you in for capital losses in direct proportion to the inflationary rise in prices. The interest, to be sure, offsets the loss to some extent. But listen to the London *Economist* on this point: "Here is a remarkable fact: The 'real' rate of interest on bonds (short or long term) is negative. An investment accumulating at 5 per cent compound loses purchasing power, because prices rise more than 5 per cent compound."

"As sound as a dollar" becomes a joke like "as solid as quicksand." All he can do, as I see it, aside from trying to terminate the processes of inflation, is to put his savings into the ownership of working assets—in addition to a modest home for himself, direct ownership of a business, or part ownership as represented by stock shares. He will then share the gains resulting from inflation.

That is why colleges and universities, for instance, which have always been regarded as conservative investors, have been shifting their in-

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vestments increasingly from bonds to stocks. Some now have as much as three-fourths of their funds in stocks.

A recent new development in this connection is the variable annuity type of plan now being offered by one major insurance company. Insurance premium payments go into a composite of stock equities, and later pay annuity benefits according to the going price of the composite. If inflation doubles the value of the stock equities, thus halving the value of the dollar, the investor evades the loss by participating in the gain. The traditional form of insurance ended him up only with the loss.

Or the white collar worker may choose to invest his savings himself in stock equities, either using his own judgment as to what to buy, or buying a "package" of stocks through an investment trust. And I might add that reasonable conservatism during an inflationary period suggests purchases with borrowed money—although debt may put you in the position of having to sell your shares when prices are in a temporary downward movement.

At best, however, the road of inflation is rocky, and presents perplexing problems to the white collar worker. But it seems to be our road, and it behooves us to learn how to drive on it.

Letter from The Continent

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

The Poor Students

Continental Universities have the character of graduate schools. On the Continent there has never been a tendency to open schools on the college or university level to simply everybody. Higher education should be the privilege of a small elite; yet there has been no general agreement in Europe as to precisely who should form that elite. Brains, zeal, and iron self-discipline should obviously be of paramount importance; class should play only a minor role; and so should money. On this latter point, however, a difference of views prevails.

The French educational system is socially one of the most democratic, intellectually one of the most aristocratic. In France, high school and college are combined; and this type of school, the *lycée*, lasts seven to eight years, terminating in a series of most difficult examinations called the *bachot* (baccalaureate). Whoever passes this gruelling school (at the age of about eighteen) is qualified for a university.

Yet in spite of the colossal increase in the French birth rate, and the growing desire of the middle and lower classes to study, the number of *lycées* has not been augmented; but the entrance examinations have been made so stiff that only the most precocious child can pass. As a result, there are today in France truly desperate bourgeois and aristocratic families whose sons (and daughters) are debarred from a professional career because they are unable to take the *lycée* hurdle.

Yet it would be a great mistake to believe that such an intellectually selective educational system results in a rapid democratization of society. It does not. It facilitates the social rise of a number of boys and girls from the lower classes, and it diverts the less intelligent progeny of socially high-placed families to careers which may be lucrative, but are sadly lacking in social prestige (as imparted by all intellectual pursuits in France). The general social structure of that country, however, remains roughly the same because "native" intelligence is much higher in the upper ranks of society than in the lower ones.

This is a fact known to all sociologists, though they have differed in explaining it. Some have insisted that it is due to environment—the better food, better living quarters, and more intellectual atmosphere of the upper-class home. Others have attributed the natural inequality to heredity. A gigantic investigation, conducted after the last war with a quarter of a million school children in Northwestern Germany, confirms the latter view. Since a huge percentage of East-German refugee upper-class children lived in truly proletarian environments (many of them deprived of their parents and relatives), it became evident that the biological background was the prime factor of their educational advance.

Germany debates, with limited enthusiasm, a financial levelling in the school system that follows the example of Austria. The notion is that to favor the upper classes means to favor the more intelligent children; while extraordinary aid should be given to gifted pupils from the lower ranks.

The German Left now insists that the federal government should support about 70 per cent of all university students. Yet the German government points out that, whereas Britain with 48,000,000 inhabitants has only 81,000 students in the universities, the German Federal Republic, with a population of 52 million, has 140,000 such students. Yet in England, 72 per cent of the students receive some financial aid (half of them full material help) while only 18 per cent of the German students are fully supported by the state or other public agencies, 32.8 per cent are helped by their families, 11 per cent work their way through university without any aid, and 34 out of a hundred survive on part aid and part work. The university authorities do not like the notion of a working student, and this by no means for snobbish reasons. They argue quite correctly that, apart from a little necessary recreation, a student should devote his whole time to study and research. For the indigent, this means aid on a community, state, or federal basis—and another victory for statism. The Left is all for it.

An outstanding German sociologist, Professor Karl Valentin Muller, has shown little enthusiasm for systematic aid to the talented children of the indigent. He reasons that the permanent and relentless social rise of the gifted from the lower classes systematically deprives those classes of all brains. Which means that the total destruction of "class barriers" may have the opposite effect of what one expects: the rise of a brainless subproletariat—the "Epsilon Men" from Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*.

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At the Ambassadorial Level

Everybody on Formosa—even the American VIPs—talks in terms of invading the China Mainland. Then why that Marathon discussion in Geneva?

RODNEY GILBERT

Shortly before this past Christmas, Senators Albert Gore and Mike Monroney came home from a Far Eastern jaunt with lungs full of hot wind and throats cleared for a mighty squawk. Towards the end of their tour they had stopped over briefly in Taipei (Free China) and there had made what they thought a truly horrendous discovery. This they were going to take straight to the White House, the Pentagon and the Congress. They were going to demand, and confidently expected to get, the recall of every high ranking American diplomatic and military personage on the island of Formosa.

What they had learned was that Chiang Kai-shek and company really and truly intended to attempt the recovery of the Chinese mainland by force of arms, thereby inviting counter-action against Taiwan and so involving this country in a war with Red China. But, worse still, they had found that, in this very dangerous thought, the government domiciled at present on the Isle Beautiful had the full moral support of all the American functionaries of high rank on that island. They had even heard with their own ears some speculation on the future by a top diplomatic person, in the course of which he had said "when we get back to the mainland." That, they were sure, would justify that person's recall.

In Washington, the two Senators let out one squawk and no more. One news magazine gave it a paragraph as a political phenomenon. Otherwise Washington officialdom yawned, as did the press, in the faces of the Senators; and a considerable number of their colleagues on Capitol Hill gave them the ha-ha. Factual as their report may have been, there was no news in it. For at least two years past no week has gone by without a reception at lunch, tea or dinner by President and Madame Chiang of some distinguished American visitor or of a bevy of them. From Vice President Nixon down to minor educators, all have learned precisely what Senators Gore and Monroney did, namely: that Free China's "fight back to the mainland" slogan ain't foolin'; and that our diplomatic and military gentry there have their own slogan—which is, "There can be no peace or security for any part of Asia until we are doing business with a free and friendly China."

Just ahead of Senators Gore and Monroney a big congressional deputation had visited Taipei—six Senators and eight members of the House of Representatives. Two of them chose to go off to the danger zone, the off-shore islands, and have a look at defenses (as every American Army, Navy and Marine Corps big shot—including Admiral Felix Stump, in command in the Pacific—has done). The rest went up to Sun-Moon Lake, in the mountains of central Taiwan, to call on President and Madame Chiang.

A Force for Attack

There these twelve were told by Chiang Kai-shek: "I am confident that Free China's military forces will eventually recover the China mainland and that there can never be two Chinas." They had the same opportunities as Gore and Monroney to learn that no American on Formosa was now giving much thought to the defense of Formosa as a serious problem; for American training and a substantial amount of every known modern weapon (including plenty of jets) but nuclear warheads and submarines have now made the armed forces of the recognized Republic of China (meaning Free China) a great striking force. One top Marine officer recently remarked to this writer that Free China's Marine Corps, not so long ago a conglomeration of off-shore island guerrillas (fishermen and pirates), was a "humdinger" and could effect a landing anywhere in this world.

As for a declaration of Free China's attitude towards the job ahead, our two startled Senators could have seen this on the front page of the December News Letter of China's Association for the United Nations, which was probably made available to them while they were there. It reads as follows:

"To recover the mainland is the end and aim of China's present struggle. With help or no help, alliance or no alliance, she must pursue her course—the solemn duty of her people, the supreme obligation of her government."

It might have been interesting to Senators Gore and Monroney to know that a few months before they were in Taipei, the biggest of all maneuvers was held on the southwest coast of the island. It was most emphatically an attack operation. Every branch of Taiwan's armed forces participated—including a brilliant Marine Force operation. All this was reported by a host of local Chinese reporters. But at the end of their reports they noted in passing that "United States air and naval forces participated."

As for the actual military situation, it is certainly no less critical than the highly advertised "crisis" of the late winter and early spring months of 1955. Just as Free China has greatly improved her striking power, so have the Reds improved their position. In these past two years, all garrisons within striking distance of the off-shore islands have been built up and nine new airfields have been constructed which are, for jets, within a short hop of those islands and within shouting distance of Formosa. Most important is a new 450-mile railroad into Amoy (within artillery range of

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Kinmen, or Quemoy), over which men and supplies can be brought from any part of China. As a military spokesman explained to the correspondents in Taipei, one 20-car train on this line can do the work of 450 trucks. It is believed that this will be operating in June.

There has never been any cessation of hostilities. Every so often the Reds on the mainland and the Nationalists on one of the islands still lob shells to and fro. No week passes without air or sea skirmishes, or both; and the Nationalists on Formosa fly observation sorties over the greater part of China south of the Yellow River (and sometimes as far north of it as the suburbs of Peiping) "with impunity," as one anonymous American officer told a correspondent. Three thousand five hundred such sorties were flown in 1956.

Futile—and Dangerous

Some weeks ago Free China's Premier O. K. Yui replied to a question from the floor of the Legislative Yuan that the United States government had never at any time asked his government not to launch a counter-attack against Communist China. In other words, Washington has never asked President Chiang and his organization to renounce the use of force in the Formosa Channel.

That is important because it makes the conversations (usually about once a week for two hours at a stretch) that have been going on in Geneva for more than a year and a half seem not only discreditable and dangerous for various reasons, but also utterly futile. These talks were agreed upon at the Geneva conference "at the summit." Our Ambassador to Czechoslovakia, Alexis Johnson, was then given the nasty assignment of negotiating with a Chinese Communist plugugly named Wang Ping-nan, on whom Mao Tse-tung had bestowed the title of "ambassador."

Nothing much has been reported lately about these meetings. They always yield a joint statement saying that nothing has resulted from them; but the American public has always been given to understand that its government entered upon these negotiations with two objectives. One was to arrange for the release of American prisoners, mostly missionaries, jailed by the Chinese Reds on charges of espionage, counter-revolutionary activities, subversion and what not. The other was to get from Red China a renunciation of the use of force in the "liberation" of Formosa and the Pescadores.

It is this second objection which, in view of Premier Yui's unequivocal statement to the effect that Free China had never been asked to renounce the use of force against Red China, takes on the aspect of a thinly veiled sham. If Mr. Johnson brought up the question of the renunciation of force, a cease-fire agreement presumably, wouldn't Wang Ping-nan's first question be: "What kind of no-violence pledges have you so far elicited from Chiang Kai-shek?" Then, if he is under instructions to be honest, Mr. Johnson would have to reply: "None, so far as I know." Then week after week, month after month, Wang Ping-nan would put a period to cease-fire talk by asking the same question and getting the same answer. That, it seems to me, disposes of the pretense that we are at Geneva to negotiate for "peace" in the Formosa area.

The major Communist objective in entering into these talks, according to what seems to be well-informed guesswork, is to inveigle or blackmail the United States into agreeing to a conference between Secretary of State Dulles and the suave and slippery Chou En-lai. That would be tantamount to the recognition of the Mao despotism as the *de facto* government of China. These dealings with Wang Ping-nan "at the ambassadorial level" come all too close to that. For, if we recognize the regime in Taipei as the *de jure* government of the Republic of China, we are bound to share with that government its appraisal of the Red organization in Peiping. It's a gang of outlaws. So how can a so-called "ambassador" of such an outfit be anything but a hoodlum's agent? The continuation of these talks is dangerous, because we never know when our pusillanimous and fumbling Administration is going to give *de facto* recognition to Mao and Company by agreeing to a Dulles-Chou En-lai conference.

As for the American prisoners, of whom only eight are left (though a ninth, who seems to be under a Red spell, has chosen to stay on in Shanghai), the only way to get them out that would do this country any credit throughout the world, would be to cut these futile conversations short with a bang and demand their release by a certain date in the near future—or else!

The first item in any elementary rule book on psychological warfare is this: "You will try to destroy the morale of the enemy and bolster up the morale of our friends. You will do nothing that will be destructive of the morale of our friends." We have good reason for thinking that we have some hundreds of millions of potential allies behind the Iron Curtain. You don't need to be very imaginative to guess what the effect on such victims of terror and exploitation is when constantly reminded by their tyrants that the tyranny is enjoying diplomatic relations with the United States Government "at the ambassadorial level."

Rhymes Under the Influence of Miltown

The Mess of Pottage

When the Marxists and the Eggheads and the Planners
  Get together for a joining of their forces,
They counterfeit our high and holy banners
  And fly them over all their Trojan horses.

They chip the gold from every noble word,
  And the chains they forge have Freedom's name enscrolled:
So the tax we wouldn't pay to George the Third
  We pay the Welfare State a thousandfold.

MORRIE RYSKIND

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from WASHINGTON *straight*

A NEWSLETTER

SAM M. JONES

Let's Pretend

If you believe all the headlines and the news copy coming out of the Capital, you might be tempted to bet that Congress will mow down executive expenditures with a scythe. Don't lay that bet. For a little while it looked as if the determined conservative minority in Congress, Republican and Democratic, backed by the taxpayers, might really achieve major economies. But it is now virtually certain that the President, in unofficial collaboration with the pressure groups, will win the Battle of the Budget. The Big Spenders can afford to let Congress save face; in fact they are more eager than the legislators to "make it look good." So—don't look if you want to retain your optimism—here's how it pans out:

According to the headlines, and to many official and journalistic prophets, Congress will cut the budget by at least three billion dollars. Naturally this "saving" justifies a decrease in taxes, if not this year, then surely next year.

But the economy target is a cut of three billion in *new money* to be voted this year for the government to spend in the new and later Treasury years. There is a great doubt that cuts in new money allowances will approach this figure. And it is an open secret that many of the alleged cuts are certain to be restored by deficiency appropriations next year.

Government bookkeeping shows an unexpended balance of nearly seventy billion dollars which Congress voted for the present and preceding Treasury years. So, a cut in new spending allowances, even if it were genuine, would not, in fact, "cut the budget."

It is officially admitted that government spending is already rising above the budget estimate. Congress would have to slash new money commitments to the bone, just to hold the line. But, while the headlines bring comfort, the story does not. It is as simple as this:

a) Congress trims a few million dollars from the State Department's fingernails and cuts down on a few of the propaganda agencies;

b) at the same time, Congress adds one billion three hundred million dollars to the foreign farm commodity giveaway;

c) Congress adds between a billion and a half and two billion dollars for buying and subsidizing housing and mortgages.

Projects *b* and *c* not only make *a* look like a penny in the piggy bank, but also more than offset (even if they are temporarily "outside the budget") the maximum economy that the optimist expects Congress to achieve in new money cuts.

This is the outlook. If the "Let's Pretend" economy is followed by a cut in taxes, then the Treasury will run head on into more deficits. It will borrow more money, much of it from banks. Then comes more credit inflation, and a quicker inflation of wages and prices.

Score Sheet

So far the Administration program isn't doing much better than the Washington ball club. It's fairly early in the season and the Senators might (anything is possible) climb out of the cellar; but the legislative season is getting along, and while there is always quite a bit of action toward adjournment time, the Administration program is scarcely off the ground.

Only one straightforward piece of legislation has been passed, and approved by the President: the excise corporation tax bill. That, plus the Eisenhower Doctrine, plus a couple of deficiency bills. Many of the major "musts" in the President's program haven't reached second base. Unless the White House scores some unforeseeable home runs some of them will be "out" for this session.

Civil Rights, School Aid and statehood for Alaska and Hawaii are in that category. The Senate has held hearings on Alaska and Hawaii; Senate Civil Rights hearings have been held but not reported to the Floor; School Aid hearings have not even started. The House has completed hearings on Civil Rights and School Aid, but the latter has not been reported; Alaska-Hawaii hearings are in process.

Here is the status of the other major proposals in the President's program: Increased postal rates—hearings held in the House but not reported out, no action in the Senate; Minimum Wage Extension—in committee, House and Senate; Small Business Administration—hearings in the House, no action in the Senate; Depressed Areas Aid—Senate Hearings in process, no House action.

(R.I.P.: *"And Joseph dreamed a dream and he told it to his brethren: and they hated him yet the more."* —GENESIS XXXVII, 5.

Almost seven years ago—September 1950—I had my first meeting with Joe McCarthy. The occasion was a radio interview for The Arizona Network. I did not know what to expect; another Huey Long, a new species of virulent demagogue (McCarthy's enemies had already launched the deadly smear campaign). I found a man of intense sincerity, a patriot whose courage was to prove superb under an ordeal the like of which no one else has suffered in our country in decades. My last radio interview with the Senator was in April 1955. I have preserved the tape recordings of both discussions. Excerpts from both were included in my Arizona broadcast of last week. The years had wrought great changes, but the sincerity, the patriotism, and the courage were as evident in the second interview as in the first. And there was no bitterness. "Once in our times there was a man."—S. J.)

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The Anatomy of Giveaway

HOLMES ALEXANDER

Before writing this review of Eugene W. Castle's new book, *The Great Giveaway* (Regnery $3.50) I inquired about Mr. Castle at the International Cooperation Administration. Officials there told me that he was a crackpot and not to be trusted. He was also a "sorehead," they told me.

I offer these opinions, not as a measure of Mr. Castle whom I never met, but as mild examples of what is said about non-believers of the federal gospel. I can't help wondering how many reviewers of Mr. Castle's book were put off by the known disfavor of the Liberal Establishment.

The fact is that Mr. Castle finds a lot of good in the $108 billion foreign-aid record. Lend-Lease, he says, was an "historical necessity." The Marshall Plan was born "out of sympathy and compassion" and was "at least a partial success." "Some good flowed from UNRRA and the Armed Services Civilian Supply Program." He has no "quarrel" with the "$700 million to Turkey and Greece under the Truman Doctrine.

These concessions are, if anything, too generous, and I can't help feeling that Mr. Castle makes them to establish his judicial objectivity against the time when he begins to read his bill of indictment.

Mr. Castle would have a stronger case, I think, if he had laid his basic proposition on the line with no equivocation: Foreign aid, conceived in folly and raised on a regime of deceit, fear and improvision, never had a chance to be anything but a misbegotten and unmanageable monster.

It all started, according to Mr. Castle, with President Roosevelt's affinity for Soviet Russia. Not only did FDR in 1933 recognize this outlaw nation, but he established a foreign aid program and launched the Export-Import Bank for the purpose of strengthening Russia and stimulating trade. In 1940, in order to present Britain with 50 "overage" destroyers, Roosevelt extracted an obscure clause in the Navy Appropriations bill of that year, permitting the disposal of surplus property. He could have had congressional permission to make the deal merely for the asking. The historical significance is that he and his advisors judged it necessary to use subterfuge and executive power. Roosevelt presented the American people with a consummated bargain on which they were very unlikely to renege. Then, in 1941, his associates dug up a forgotten statute of 1892 which permitted the Secretary of War to "lease" Army property "when in his discretion it will be for the public good."

Can any good come out of a program so loaded with mendacity? It all suggests, at least to me, that foreign aid just "growed up" without wisdom, rationality or morality. If this was our war, with our liberties threatened, then we shouldn't be paying Monarchists and Communists to fight it for us. If it wasn't (and Congress didn't think so until Pearl Harbor), then we should have had the nobility to stand aloof.

We tried to buy peace for ourselves in 1940-41 with foreign aid, and that's the same purpose we have in 1957. We don't really think it will work, but we don't know how to rebut the propaganda of the Establishment. The federal government spends about $140 million a year, and hires 12,064 persons, to praise its foreign aid policy at home and abroad. The skilled persuaders know what we like to hear, which is something like this: foreign aid is humanitarian, insures us against friendlessness in this cruel and cold world, proves we aren't "isolationists"—foreign aid is in our national and personal self-interest.

I well remember discovering this bundle of pitchmanship when I first came to Washington as a reporter in 1948. The Marshall Plan was sending large amounts of milled flour to starving Europe where the flour mills stood idle for need of raw wheat. I remarked upon this anomaly to a staunch flour-state Republican who looked at me pityingly and said: "Don't you know that the Marshall Plan is for the relief of American businessmen? Why else do you think it passed the 80th Congress?"

And why else, let us ask, do committees headed by businessmen like Ben Fairless and Eric Johnston keep reporting favorably on the continuance of foreign aid? We must look for the truth to the few nonconformist writers and publishers.

Mr. Castle is one of them, and any disagreements I have with his book are petty. It happens that I read *The Great Giveaway* early this spring with no idea of reviewing it, and then took off on a U.S. Navy plane for the Mediterranean. I had lunch in Casablanca with a State Department official and discussed the ICA efforts in Morocco. I spent an afternoon in Naples with an assistant consul and went over the U.S. Information Agency program for Southern Italy. I landed on the USS "Forrestal," and three days later was "cat-launched" from the same deck, having talked for hours with Navy officers about the mission of the Sixth Fleet.

You come away from such experiences with strong convictions. I am convinced that the affirmative substitute for ICA-USIA is USN. Call it "showboat diplomacy." Thousands of people in the Mediterranean ports are visiting the "Forrestal" and going goggle-eyed over our seaborne air power. But the Fleet has no land-bases in any of these countries. The main thing we're there for is to make sure that the Russians are not.

In sum, the Navy whose air-power can cover 85 per cent of the world's surface is our proper instrument for making friends, warning enemies, and creating the climate for American investment. The Navy's the answer if anybody wants to know how to end foreign aid.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

In Defense of Fraternities: Part II

In our age, only one alternative to voluntary community is conceivable: and that is collectivism. If free associations like our college fraternities are forced out of existence, they will be replaced not by an idyllic individualism, a perfection of equality and liberty and self-reliance, but only by the mob—by a mass of confused students subject to an impersonal university administration or to a clique of student demagogues. Therefore it seems important to inquire into the charges against fraternities, which their enemies have been pressing energetically these past several years.

The primary charge is that fraternities are snobbish and exclusive. The immediate justification for this charge is the fact that many national fraternities, frankly or implicitly, decline to admit certain categories of students into their chapters: most commonly Negroes, Jews, and (sometimes) Catholics.

Regardless of the principle involved, the fact is that our fraternities, both local and national, are less exclusive nowadays than ever they were before. Only rarely is there objection to a pledge-candidate because he is a Roman Catholic, although once this might automatically have disqualified him. In a good many fraternities, there is little marked prejudice nowadays against Jews. Some local—and I think some national—fraternities admit Jews.

Yet regardless of your feelings and my feelings toward Negroes, Jews, and Catholics, it is not you and I who have a right to say what qualifications a fraternity should establish for membership. If a fraternity should admit *only* Negroes, Jews, and Catholics, you and I—taking us as members of the general public—would have no right to object. If a fraternity should admit only Anglo-Saxons, Christians, and Protestants, you and I would have no right to object. For a fraternity is not public property. It does not belong to the federal government, or the state or local government. It does not belong to the trustees or the faculty at the college with which it happens to be associated. A fraternity is a private club. Its qualifications for membership are the legitimate concern only of its members.

I might wish, perhaps, that if fraternities exclude Jews, they should do so only out of an honest persuasion that their fraternity professes the Christian religion. I might wish that if fraternities exclude Negroes, they should do so out of some reasoned theory, true or fallacious, about racial intermingling and social backgrounds. But I would have no right to try to enforce my wishes upon any particular fraternity, unless I were a member of that fraternity.

Neither does a college administration ordinarily have a right to regulate the conditions of membership in fraternities. True, a college usually issues fraternities some sort of charter; sometimes this function is exercised by the general student council. But the justification is simply that the college has the duty of ensuring, within limits, that the students enrolled in the college observe certain minimum standards of decent conduct, whether they are members of fraternities, or residents of dormitories, or independents. When the regulation of fraternities by the college authorities exceeds this prudent police-power, then such regulation becomes unjustified. For the fraternity houses, usually, do not belong to the college. And the students, always, are not the property of the college. The students are free individuals. They have enrolled in the college for specified educational purposes. The lawful and prudential jurisdiction of the college over them is strictly limited.

On nearly every college faculty will be found some persons who talk of "total education," of how the college ought to remake the personalities of its students, of how the college ought to pave the way for a Brave New World, of how the college ought to stamp out ancient prejudices and parental notions and creeds outworn. These ideologues commonly have a good deal to do with campus movements to abolish or strictly regulate the fraternities.

But these ideologues almost never form the majority of any faculty or college administration; still more seldom do they form the majority of any board of college trustees; and they certainly do not represent the views of most alumni, let alone of the American public. I do advise fraternity-members not to give ground before these gentry; to appeal to a court of law, if necessary, against them. For in defending their own right to voluntary association, fraternities are defending the whole concept of free community.

Let me draw an analogy. Suppose a body of vociferous opponents suddenly were to assail that pleasant institution the Harvard Club, in New York City. Only Harvard graduates can belong to that club; and this, the critics might cry, is demonstrably snobbish and exclusive. Down with this discrimination! Let the general public into the Harvard Club; or, at the very least, admit the graduates of Dismal Swamp Agricultural and Mechanical Institute, The College of Our Lady of the Sorrows, and Weinburg Secretarial University.

To these embattled critics, the startled officers of the Harvard Club doubtless would reply that the facilities of the club are limited; that since time out of mind only Harvard men have been admitted; that this policy implies no hatred of Dismal Swamp A & M, Our Lady of the Sorrows, and Weinburg Secretarial, but only a feeling of common interest among Harvard alumni; and that, after all, it's *our* club.

The defenders of the Harvard Club would be quite right. And whatever the failings of our college fraternities, they are quite right in maintaining that only those private clubs the fraternities themselves have the right to say who shall be invited to join, and who shall not. Everybody does *not* belong to everybody else. That is true only in Brave New World; and America, praise be, is not yet Brave New World.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Conrad and Man's Confidence

ROBERT A. HUNTER

Joseph Conrad's centennial is best observed in the reading, though the occasion will also serve to remind us that since his death in 1924 there's been no one quite like him—no one who will speak to us in confidence of the great themes of the human spirit, in a voice familiar, respectful, engaging, like the voice of a friend heard over the years. There have been styles since Conrad, official and unofficial, and much ado about technique, but the vital innards have been missing—the life sources, the courage, the sympathy, the high purpose and nobility of vision, the permanent appeal to three generations of readers.

Gérard Jean-Aubry's recently published biography (*The Sea Dreamer*, translated by Helen Sebba. Doubleday, $4.50) will confirm an impression conveyed by every line of Conrad's best prose, namely: that Captain Korzeniowski had a genius for life as well as for letters. When examined in detail, a great life will reveal an inexorable logic from beginning to end. And so we say, "Yes, this is how it had to be. It could not have happened otherwise." Then what are we to make of Conrad's assertion that, had he not met Almayer, "there would never have been a line of mine in print"? I believe the answer can be found in the quotation from Sir Thomas Browne that Conrad selected for the title page of *Chance*: "Those that hold that all things are governed by *Fortune* had not erred, had they not persisted there."

It must seem that fate and that poor relation, "necessity," played an overactive role in shaping the destiny of this "Polish gentleman soaked in British tar." But this is to ignore the logic of the spirit.

Born in an atmosphere of insufferable tyranny in Russian-occupied Poland, Jozef Teodor Konrad Nalecz Korzeniowski was from earliest recollection "a reading boy." When his father, a writer and translator of considerable merit, was exiled to Russia for his patriotic ardor, Conrad and Ewelina Bobrowska accompanied him to Chernikov. There great piles of books entered Conrad's already vivid imagination and gave him the dream that enabled his tender heart to survive his mother's burial. Day after day young Conrad read beside his dying father's bedside, the curtains drawn against a hostile landscape. But of all the fine sentiments and word pictures that he stored up during those tragic days none would remain so indelible as the epitaph over his father's grave in Cracow: *To Apollo Nalecz Korzeniowski, victim of Muscovite tyranny . . . to the man who loved his country, worked for it and died for it—His compatriots.*

It was from a source too deep for words that Conrad later found the courage to fashion in a foreign tongue words immemorial. And later still, at the height of his creative power, he was destined to pen with a ruthless integrity a study of the Russian conscience, *Under Western Eyes*, which remains to this day the greatest single contribution by a Westerner to our comprehension of the Russian mentality.

Never for a moment did Conrad feel that he had abandoned "the sinking ship of Poland," as certain critics have intimated. His faculty for self-analysis was severely tested in the delineation of such guilt-ridden heroes as Jim and Razumov, but his great conscience was never in debt. Proud of that heritage that was his secret strength, and ever mindful that he was his father's son, Conrad was more than satisfied that his artistry and probity could redound to the credit of his native land.

It may be that Conrad was the only tragic novelist who ever lived. But he was not a pessimist who could write, "it is the capacity for suffering which makes man august in the eyes of men." If life is tragic, it is also in his own phrase "a great tale," worthy of "so much insight as can be expressed in a voice of sympathy and compassion."

His career from the time he arrived in Marseilles, at the age of seventeen, to the day he relinquished his command twenty years later reads like the very stuff of which "fiction" in its most pedestrian sense is made: gunrunning for the Carlists, a love affair with a beautiful Basque, the duel with the Confederate officer, Captain Blunt, ("American, Catholic, gentleman"), then Bangkok, Singapore, ships and storms and a courtship in Mauritius that went on the rocks and, of course, the trip up the Congo.

"Indeed," Conrad observed of his more popular reputation, "the nature of my writing runs the risk of being obscured by the nature of my material." Disdaining the obvious advantages of his experience ("The sustained invention of a really telling lie demands a talent which I do not possess"), he chose always that which was most difficult in subject and approach. Along with his tragic sense of life, Conrad "carried my notion of good service from my earlier into my later existence." Thus his sea training and the responsibilities of command enabled him to endure nerve-wracking years of intense preoccupation with "the old, old words, worn thin, defaced by ages of careless usage." Plagued by gout, malaria, debts galore and the necessity of providing for a family entirely through his writing, Conrad imposed upon himself a sense of moral responsibility in his passionate regard for the

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—Senator Harry F. Byrd

THE GREAT GIVEAWAY

Aptly subtitled The Realities of Foreign Aid, this extraordinarily timely book tells the complete story of the way in which we have wasted billions of dollars in a futile attempt to buy peace and security. The author, *Eugene W. Castle,* gives facts and figures to fully document his contention that we need a complete re-evaluation of our entire foreign-aid program. *$3.50.*

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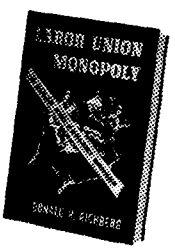

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truth that seems morbid and fanatic to the dull of soul and that is always the envy of the novelist of less courage and integrity.

In this present age of novel-writing, the best are only as good as they have to be. There are few who would be willing to submit to the conditions of Conrad's art as set forth in the famous preface to *The Nigger of the Narcissus.* Even among his contemporaries there was no one capable of such a sustained feat of the imagination as *Nostromo* (unless it were James, whom Conrad revered as the "historian of fine consciences"). What Conrad did was done for all time. *Typhoon* still contains the most imaginative storm in literature. *The Shadow-Line,* a masterpiece of moral and supernatural delicacy, is one of the great ghost stories of literature. *Lord Jim* will ever be regarded as a classic study of cowardice. Even his one attempt at a metropolitan thriller, *The Secret Agent,* is head and shoulders above the best "entertainments" in this genre. And *The Nigger of the Narcissus* and *The Mirror of the Sea* must remain the finest tribute in the English language to Conrad's first love, the sea, and to the men who "tossing aloft, invisible in the night, gave back yell for yell to a westerly gale."

Conrad had little faith in governments, social ideas or "progress" (which he abhorred). His sympathy was all for the individual and a "few simple ideas"—duty, loyalty, honor—to which he adhered in art even as in life. These very real concepts required no definition. In fact, he was able to embody them to such effect that they define themselves. In the intensely moral world of Conrad's fiction, art and life are met in an identical concept of reality, and the truth prevails.

That Man and Enemy

Wyndham Lewis: a Portrait of the Artist as the Enemy, by Geoffrey Wagner. 363 pp. New Haven: Yale University Press. $5.00

That strange man Wyndham Lewis, who died this winter, was painter, novelist and polemicist; and in all things he went against the grain. He refused to sing Hallelujah to the river-god as he was swept along, with the rest of us, in the flood of modernity. He refused, indeed, to sing Hallelujah to any god; and perhaps Mr. Kenneth Burke comes as close to the truth about Lewis as anyone does when he writes that Lewis' "excoriations arise from a suppressed fear of death, or, in other words, from religiosity frustrated by disbelief." But that is not the whole story.

Possibly no one ever will know the whole story. In love with secrecy, though in love with nothing else, Wyndham Lewis kept his career and his inner life hid from others, and even convinced himself that he was younger than the records disclose. Mr. Wagner's wonderfully thorough book is not a biography, but a critical examination of Lewis' mind and influence; and it is like enough that no one ever will write a satisfactory biography. T. S. Eliot and Roy Campbell knew Lewis best, but even their knowledge is fragmentary. This reviewer, to whom the mordant Lewis was the soul of kindness, sometimes sat with Lewis in his old age, drinking brandy at the top of a house in

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Notting Hill Gate; but Lewis learned more about me, despite his physical blindness, than I learned about Lewis. I was grateful that he never said to me, as old Carlyle said to young W. H. Mallock, "Man! But ye're a puir thing!"

Mr. Wagner, an Englishman now living in New York, is himself a critic of the first rank, with something of Lewis' penetrating irony; indeed, Mr. Wagner's best novel, *The Dispossessed,* is marked by the influence of Lewis' fiction. In the present study, Dr. Wagner illuminates all those intricate literary years of the first half of the twentieth century, through vorticism and neo-classicism and the varieties of humanism and the play of letters and politics. He knows American literature as well as English, and has some interesting asides on Irving Babbitt. This book is free of adulation and of malice.

As a painter, Lewis was the enemy of stodginess: first of Impressionist stodginess, and later of Abstractionist stodginess. As a writer, he flailed with impartial severity against all cliques and schools. As a critic of society, he cudgelled democrats and totalitarians. In all things, he was The Enemy: the detached and dispassionate intellect, scorning cant, detesting the Fafnirs who lie in possession.

Lewis' fiction—and T. S. Eliot has called him "the greatest prose master of my generation," the inventor of a new style—is of two radically different sorts: the sardonic symbolic novel, and the sardonic realistic novel. The two types recur from time to time throughout his career. Mr. Wagner thinks that *The Childermass* is Lewis' best work; but I have a taste for *Revenge for Love, Rotting Hill,* and *Self Condemned.* Widely praised and attacked though his novels were, they never became really popular: *Self Condemned,* when published in America, received seven pages in the *New Yorker,* two in *Time,* a long and favorable and illustrated review in the *New York Times;* yet only some 1,500 copies were sold. But Lewis will be remembered when—insane conjunction—Saul Bellow is forgot, though perhaps not until. Like Jonathan Swift in much, including a certain loathing of sexuality, Wynham Lewis scourged the naked follies of the time, which does not make a man beloved.

RUSSELL KIRK

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REVIEWED IN BRIEF

The Finest Stories of Sean O'Faolain. 385 pp. Atlantic-Little Brown. \$4.75

In America, writers complain because there are no serious traditions, manners, and "closed" patterns. But these 30 stories by Sean O'Faolain suggest that writing about a community as fixed as Ireland can have its disadvantages, too. People tend to so pandemic a "wearing o' the green"—not to mention brogues, tempers, and piety—that caricature is hard to avoid. But Mr. O'F. has a cannily pitched ear for the blarney on a Dubliner's tongue, and if his Foreword is as good as any story in the book, this may be because here we get a man who is a lighthearted human being first, and an Irishman only second.

Magazines in the Twentieth Century by Theodore Peterson. 457 pp. Urbana: University of Illinois Press. \$6.50

Though he writes with a doctoral dissertation's impartiality, Mr. Peterson tells a fascinating story. From *McClure's* through *Collier's,* the 20th century magazine was created by advertising's need for a nationwide medium in which to promote the wider and wider distribution of consumer goods. By 1935, radio was replacing magazines; by 1955, television was replacing both. In other words, the "slick magazine" had served its purpose and had its day. As for those other magazines, that quixotic minority which has served human values without ad revenues—well, they are no worse off than they ever were. If they are to continue, they will as always have to clear their throats, and very distinctly ask if there is a Patron in the house.

(Reviewed by Robert Phelps)

Mighty Stonewall, by Frank E. Vandiver. 547 pp. McGraw-Hill. \$6.50

For layman and scholar, Yankee and Reb, this ought to be the century's definitive life of the Confederate general who ranked second only to Lee in moral strength and military acumen. Devout, shy, rigorously self-disciplined, Jackson was a man of profoundly purposeful if unjoyous character. It was perhaps his early death, after the battle of Chancellorsville and before the tide had turned against the South, which helped to make him the Lost Redeemer he has become in Confederate mythology, the leader who might have saved the war had he lived. All the same, his men had an absolute faith in him. As General Pickett said in a letter to his wife, "If General Lee had Grant's resources he would soon end the war; but Old Jack can do it without resources."

Conversations with Artists, by Selden Rodman. 234 pp. Devin-Adair. \$4.00

Mr. Rodman, whose works include several lively verse anthologies and an apostolic handbook to the Republic of Haiti, also has an eye on the visual arts. In the manner of Vasari, though without a comparable selection of heroes, he has visited some 35 contemporary painters and sculptors, and noted down their shop talk, prejudices, theories. The best parts, however, are the least controversial, in which the artists commemorate each other by anecdote; for instance, Lipchitz on Soutine: "What a wonderful man! I remember the time in Paris when he made his first big sale and immediately hailed a taxi and shouted 'Nice!' He got there, too—for about \$500."

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To the Editor

Pandora's Box of Amendments

In Mr. Williams' article on "The Income-Tax Limitation Amendment" [April 27], Article V of the Constitution is quoted. A part of it reads: "On the application of the legislatures of two-thirds of the several States [Congress] shall call a convention for proposing amendments."

I do not understand that two-thirds of the States have requested Congress to call such a convention. Apparently it is true that more than two-thirds of the States have asked Congress to submit or to call a convention to submit one particular amendment, namely: to limit the income tax to 25 per cent. . . .

It may be that such a convention will never be called, for if it should be, Pandora's Box would be opened and the convention might still be in session at the end of ten years.

Houston, Tex. R. H. KELLEY

Going Whose Way?

Though not wishing a free-for-all, I feel I must enter the Frank Meyer-Murray Rothbard altercation (March 23, April 20) and say a plague on both their arguments.

To his credit, Mr. Rothbard corrects Mr. Meyer's failure to differentiate between Communists-out-of-power and bureaucrats-in-power. But then Mr. Rothbard throws away his case, saying the Communist regime must "wither from within" as sodden non-principled new-generation bureaucrats replace the old-time true Marxist firebrands of the October Revolution.

Yet is not Mr. Rothbard forgetting that the further the Soviet bureaucrats abandon the "Manifesto" and *Das Kapital* and the cockeyed administrative decrees of Lenin and Stalin and pragmatically shift around for solutions on running the now monolithic state, the further will Russian productivity and hence power advance? Since the Soviet bureaucrats are already at the extreme left, they have nowhere else to go but to the right, and the right can only be toward the efficient market economy. . . .

Glacierly, ironically, the two states of the U.S. and the USSR may pass each other like ships in the night about the year 2000, the U.S. weakened, centralized and communized via welfare socialism, and the USSR strengthened, decentralized and capitalized. . . .

Summit, N.J. WILLIAM H. PETERSON

It seems to me that Murray Rothbard is also guilty of a critical error [letter, April 20] since the weakness he describes is equally applicable to the ideals of freedom as to those of Communism.

If Communism is "withering from within" at the hands of bureaucrats who are only paying lip service to its ideals, certainly the same is true in America with our own bureaucrats who are likewise only paying lip service to freedom and constitutional government.

Mr. Rothbard claims that all revolutionary inspirations die eventually and therefore time is on our side. [But] the American concept of government is the most "revolutionary inspiration" ever conceived by mankind.

The important thing historically is not that time has been on our side but that God has. In contemplating any future conflict in view of our past and present actions, there is growing credence to the question—"Why should He be?"

Fort Wayne, Ind. LUCILLE L. ZINK

Liberal Values

In your "Ivory Tower" [April 20] you deplore the failure of our educators to teach "values" and comment on the result: actions of thoughtless relativistically indoctrinted youth.

On the following page Willmoore Kendall reviews *The American Conscience* and deplores the contents of a book which, according to Mr. Kendall, is bad because it is based upon the "values" of a Liberal.

Therefore the question arises: What is the philosophical basis (or lack of basis) for Liberal Burlingame's values? If Liberals decry "value judgments" on what reasoning does one base a book on them?

Washington, D.C. CHARLES ALBERT KRAFT

How many stocks should you own?

On the basis of the mail we've seen recently, a surprising number of investors need a good answer to that one.

Consider, for instance, the investor who asked us to review his portfolio consisting of *31* different stocks worth less than $20,000 all told.

He owned six shares of one stock, eight shares of another, fourteen of a third, and so on up to a maximum holding of forty-three shares in one issue.

How any individual can give all the attention he should to that many different companies—is beyond us.

Or why he should want to, when the same amount of money invested in half as many stocks might really increase his income, give him a much better chance of achieving his investment objectives, besides.

If you own stocks, or plan to buy them, we suggest that as a rough rule of thumb you accumulate at least $500 worth of one stock before buying a second. If you own a number of stocks, no one of them should represent much more than five per cent of your total investment—no one industry much more than ten.

As we said, that's just a rough rule of thumb.

But if you feel that you may be over-diversified yourself, if you'd like to know just how many stocks we think *you* should own—and which ones—simply ask.

Our Research Department will be happy to analyze your situation—do all that it can to help you consolidate your holdings to your best advantage.

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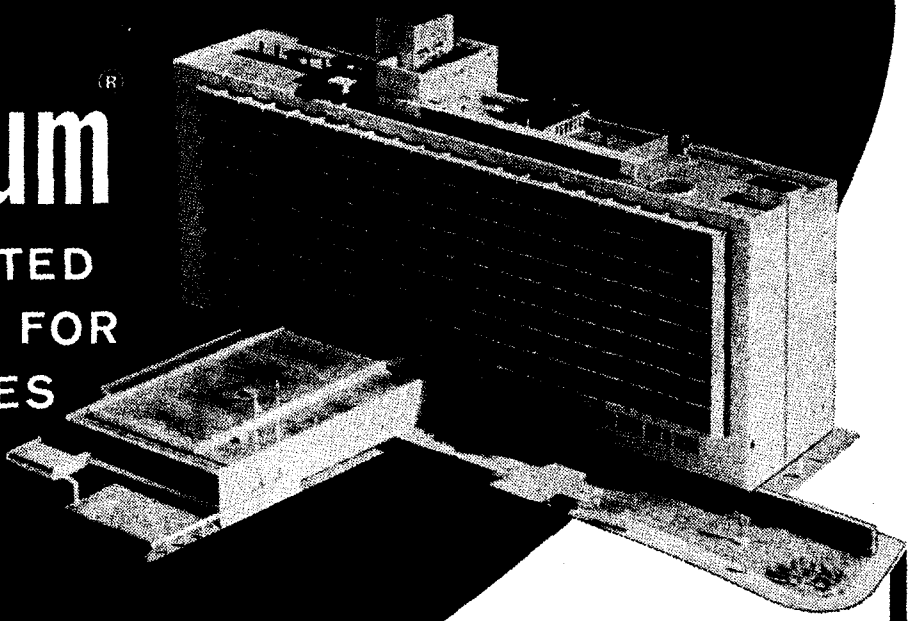

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